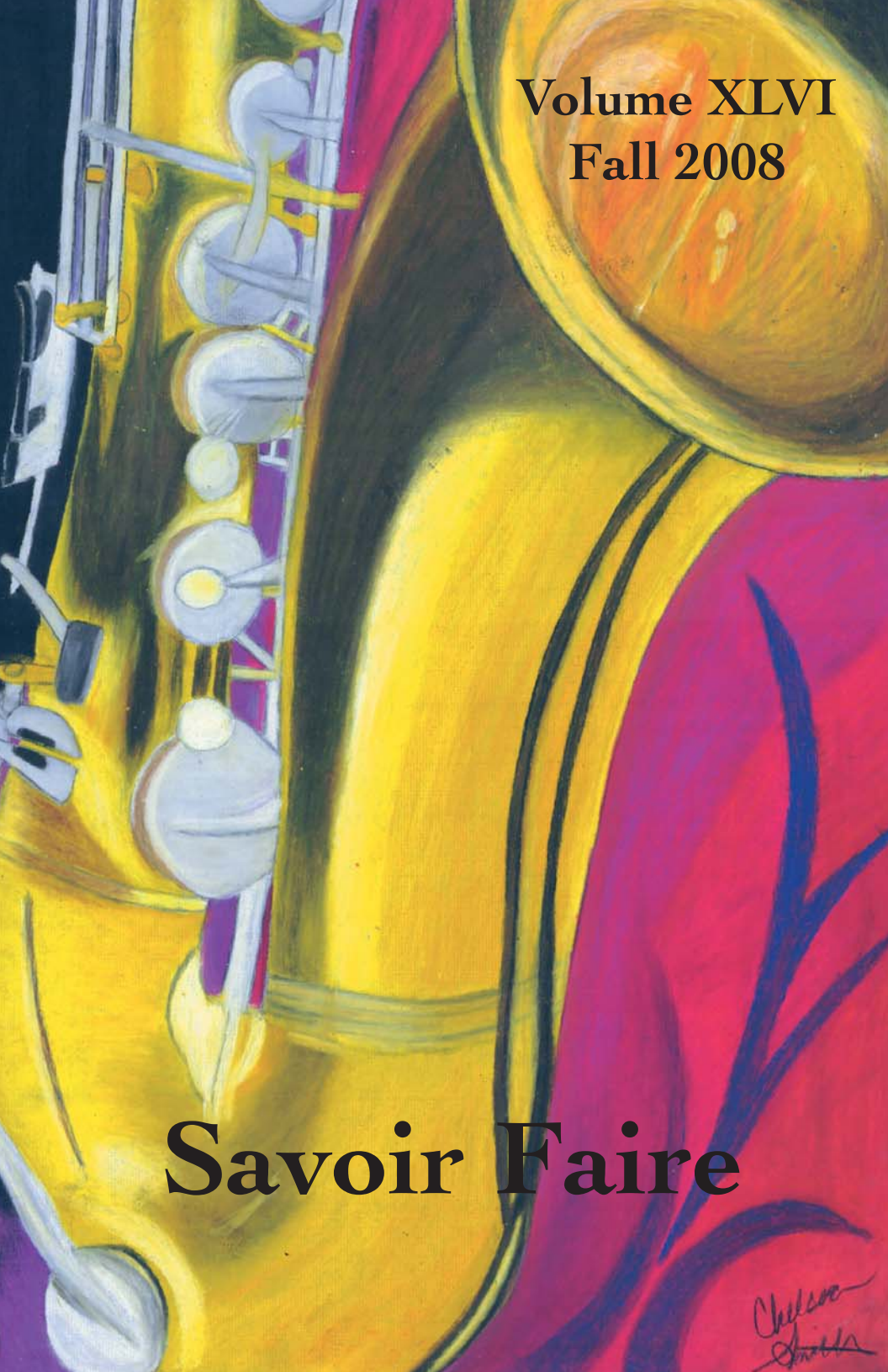


An abstract oil painting of a saxophone. The instrument is rendered in vibrant yellow and gold tones, with its keys and mechanism in shades of white and grey. The background is a deep magenta or red, with dark, flowing lines suggesting movement or light. The overall style is expressive and modern.

Volume XLVI
Fall 2008

Savoir Faire

*Chelsoe
Smith*

Bossier Parish
Community
College

presents

Savoir
Faire

Fall 2008

From the Advisor:

I teach my students that some words have certain connotations or emotional associations. “Change” is a difficult word to label since it can be either positive or negative. To say that I have changed the magazine probably will not make many heads turn, but to say that the magazine has evolved, embraces its new life. I have attempted to take the magazine in a new direction, one I hope will continue to evolve in time. Enjoy the fluidity of positive movement forward and greater things to come!

--Candice Gibson

Where do I begin in my gratitude? There are so many people who have contributed in so many ways to help move this magazine forward. I would first like to thank Michelle Triplet for all of her saintly patience with ordering equipment and tutoring me on the mysteries of Quark. Marjoree Harper, Chris Bagwell, and Tammy Kennedy have also been very supportive, and I thank you for all of your hard work on the magazine’s behalf. Christa Meshell, Laura McFarland, Karyl Cox, Jessica Cobbs, Anna Nelson, and Cieltia Adams did an excellent job choosing this issue’s pieces! If it were not for you guys, there would not be much of a magazine! Thank you Danny Williams for all of your expertise involving the art work. Lastly, thank you to Holly French, my English Department buddies, Denise Chambers, Rusty Johnson, and the entire Telecommunications Department for all of your help and support.

- Faculty Advisor**.....Candice Gibson
Instructor of English
- Art Advisor**.....Danny Williams
Associate Professor of Art
- Printer**..... Interstate Printing
- Cover Design**.....Chelsea Smith
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I am

His presence-I feel him near
His promise-I receive it clear
My enemies-I do not fear
Again I am born
Born again I am
Temptation I will forever face
For true love I'll always wait
I will not partially accept my faith
Again I am born
Born again I am
Knowing that he is pleased
Put my mind at ease
He supplies all of my needs
Again I am born
Born again I am
I acknowledge him in my speech
Serenity he wants to teach
God makes my life complete
Again I am born
Born again I am



Title: Eye

Author: Constance Mann

Place

Postage

Here

Love One's Enemies

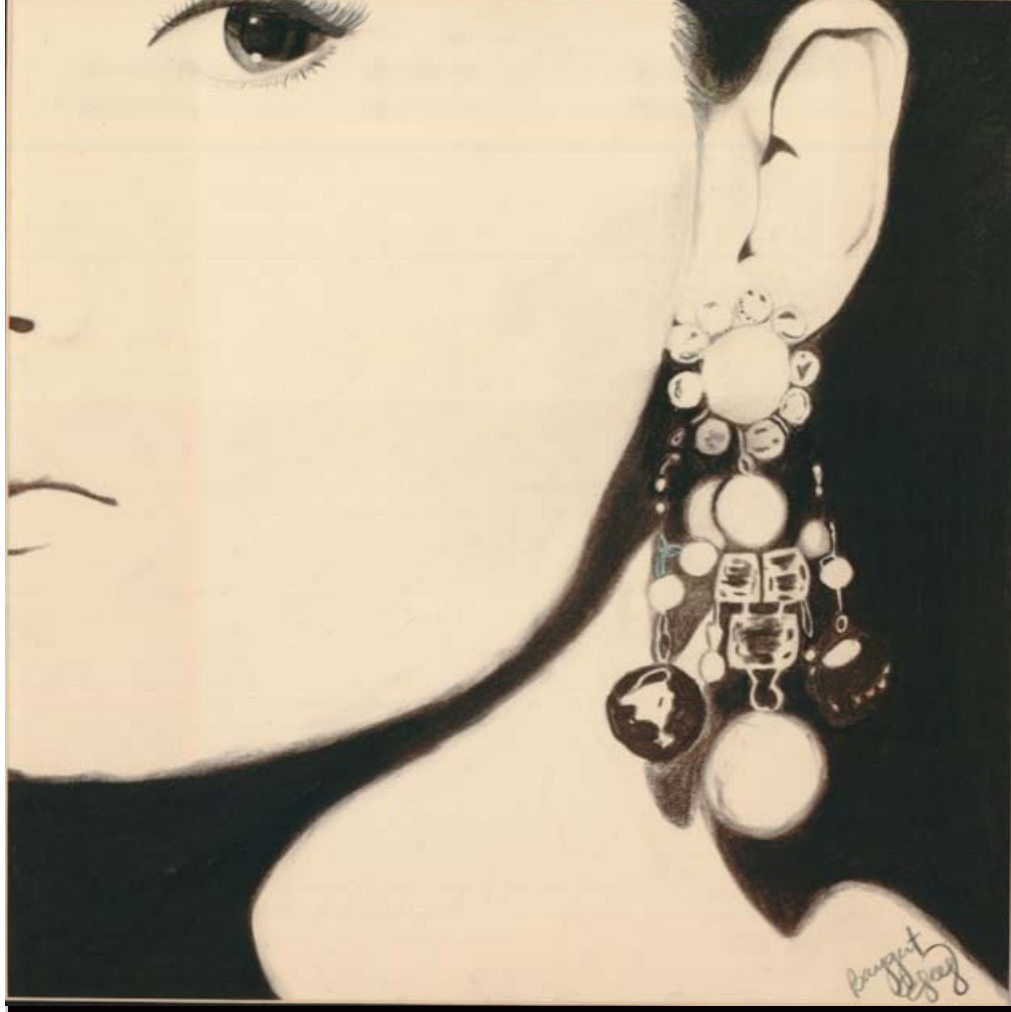
Love one's enemies?
Easily said,
Until the quest
Lands on my head.

Love the one
Who raised his hand
To wreak much havoc
On my land?
Love the one
Who called my child a cheat?
Man, oh man,
That cut me deep.
Love the one
Who slapped an innocent face?
Showing no sign of mercy,
Much less Grace.
So much injustice, so much strife,
Infuriate me in daily life!

Quite a task You ask of me!

I'd be more comfortable
If You would let me be!
But as Your child,
Perhaps You need,
In one Soul at a time
I plant Your seed.

Please send Your touch
To bring me peace,
Clear my vision, and
Negativity release.
God, teach me wisdom,
So I may grow,
To Peacefully change things
Along life's road.



A Love Never Changed

I lay below you gently
While you sleep peacefully in my arms
I hold you tight throughout the night
And prevent the thought of you being harmed,
I feel the presence of the sun
As it slowly starts to rise
I kiss your temple, you flex your dimples
As I fantasize our future in your eyes
In my mind I whisper I love you
One of my many thoughts about you I keep within
I transverse my hands caressing your face
While the sunrise peaks between the blinds lighting your skin,
Since the first day we've met I've been attracted
And till this very moment I feel the same,
My feelings were deep for you then
And my love has never changed.

One Rode Alone

On a C-130 bound for Kuwait,
He was the one for which we did wait,

For freedom he came to answer the call,
This is for some, but not for all.

Special treatment he had earned,
Not the kind to be spurned,

Formed up in rows on either side,
They walked him, we saluted with pride,

First on, first off was the way for him,
None of us would balk at him.

A casket draped in the red, white and blue,
Symbolized the country to which he was true,

We took him off with gentleness,
For him and his family we wished the best,

On a C-130 bound for home,
There was one who rode alone.



Suthin' Fried 'Strology

POSSUM: (earth, Dec 22 - Jan 19) People born under this sign avoid intellectualism at all costs. Faced with a classroom or book they may appear dead. Don't let the pretense fool you. Possums are highly efficient scavengers frequently seen scrounging around biker bars and fishing camps. **BEST MATCH:** Bubba/Catfish

CHICKEN: (air, Jan 20 -Feb 18) Chickens squawk about their place in the pecking order but barely scratch out a living because they are afraid of ruffling a few feathers. These high strung creatures often lose their heads in a panic or lose their nest eggs to predators. **BEST MATCH:** Mockingbird/Belle

ALLIGATOR: (water, Feb 19 - Mar 20) Those born under this sign are prone to rough dry skin due to their penchant for sunbathing. They love getting their teeth into new things and display considerable patience in waiting for such opportunities. While appearing lackadaisical, an Alligator is likely to be a superior athlete, especially in water sports. They are also fiercely territorial. **BEST MATCH:** Melon/Jug

HORNET: (fire, Mar 21 - Apr 19) Like Chickens, those born under this sign are sociable and industrious though they tend to be not only clannish but temperamental as well, often attacking viciously and without warning when angered. They are most easily angered by perceived threats to their homes. **BEST MATCH:** Pig/Alligator

BILLYGOAT: (earth, Apr 20 - May 20) Finicky is not in the vocabulary of those born under the sign of the Billygoat. They tend to be stubbornly independent explorers who love to try new foods and enjoy yard work. **BEST MATCH:** Pig/Catfish

MOCKINGBIRD: (air, May 21 - Jun 20) Incessant, meaningless chatter is the most striking characteristic of this boastful group. Vanity knows no bounds among these ill-tempered entertainers who really know how to turn on the charm when needed. **BEST MATCH:** Belle/Melon

MELON: (water, Jun 21 - Jul 22) Nothing represents life or its renewal better than those born under this sign. While they appear boring, their tender-hearted sweetness is irresistible to most, until the relationship sours or the bond withers, which happens all too soon. BEST MATCH: Chicken/Hornet

BUBBA: (fire, Jul 23 - Aug 22) The most predictable characteristic of those born under this sign is that they think they are right. It is also characteristic for them to be wrong. BEST MATCH: Pig/Possum

POLECAT: (earth, Aug 23 - Sep 22) The essence of this personality is solitude. Those born under this sign seem to have an air about them that others find offensive though they are truly harmless and loveable. BEST MATCH: Possum/Jug

BELLE: (air, Sep 23 - Oct 22) A Belle may seem vain, superficial, flighty, and confused, but don't be fooled by appearances. Those born under this sign tend to be consummate status symbol assessors, expert etiquette judges and have an uncanny knack for knowing everything about anyone capable of helping them up the social ladder. BEST MATCH: Chicken/Mockingbird

CATFISH: (water, Oct 23 - Nov 21) Those born under this sign are deep but stand-offish to the point of using sharp barbed defenses when anyone gets too close. Despite their shortcomings, these slippery bottom-feeders can be very satisfying when hot. BEST MATCH: Alligator/Belle

JUG: (fire, Nov 22 - Dec 21) The high spirited were most likely born under this sign. They tend to be fun loving and passionate but fickle, being known to turn on others with head spinning speed and stomach churning rancor. Their initial appeal is irresistible to a lot of people. BEST MATCH: Melon/Chicken

Southern Fried Astrology was created for folks who cain't see none of them weird critters those other folks says is up there in the stars.







The American Dream

dog days extend into
everywhere when weather
is changed by progress

no one can be blamed
because we need the trees
and concrete for our progress

regulate tobacco smoke,
meds, marriage and sex
then shock and awe for freedom

gunpoint democrats bow
while progress sucks up oil
and martyrs die by suicide

but it just means market shares
for conditioned air can expand
because global warming equals progress

and the American dream ends
when we wake up to emptiness
all across a planet that looks like Mars

Waiting Patiently

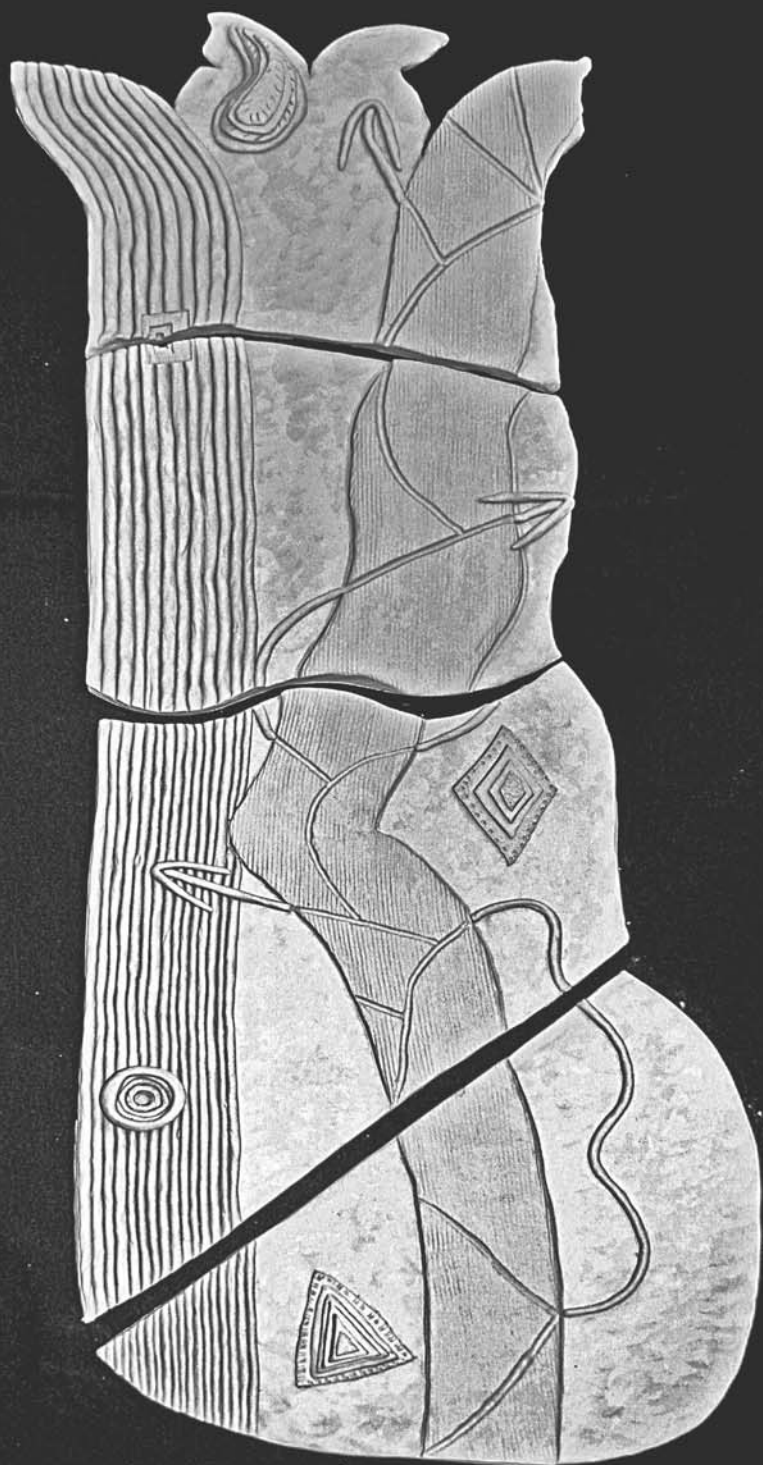
Waiting with hope
 Patiently I try,
 No response
 No relief, it leaves me with a sigh;
 I want something
 Or just anything that you can give,
 Just a touch or your words
 Would make it easier to live;
 What more can I do
 I've given all I can,
 Is this revenge
 Maybe torture, just part of a plan?
 I falter at the memories
 The ones that include you,
 Keeping myself together
 Stable is all I can do;
 So I sit and I sigh,
 Living as hard as before,
 Thinking of you, of what was
 Just makes me hurt more,
 So I'll wait and I'll hope
 To get something from you,
 But until that time
 I'll still be here forever loving you.



Heather Wilkinson

Steel Columns

Savoir Faire



She must grab her mother's hand and lead her the way
wishing her mother knew no better,
she must block out the hurt to survive another day;
The young girl watches her as she overdoses on the highs of life
the faint smiles and rare laughs of her mother,
overshadow all the strife;
What can the young girl do to meet all her mother's needs?
She wishes to cry out and be held,
but only the failed attempts succeed;
she strokes her mother's hair and puts the bag away
knowing it will be tomorrow,
before her mother will awake to see the day;
All the hurt and all the pain, she must not recognize
it will only result in weakness,
with the addiction comes Misery, Jealousy, and Lies;
All the love in the relationship is balanced out with hate
and so spins the never-ending circle,
such a miserable fate;
In the silence, her thoughts scream and tears begin to fall
watching her mother sleep peacefully,
her mother, there, with no worries at all;
The young girl wonders why the bag means so much more
why the paper, pipe, leaves, and needles,
why the bottles on the floor?
No answers will ever be given, no one can understand
the young girl will be taken away soon,
there will be no one to take the mother's hand;
The distance and the time does not make the hurt go away
the young woman is still wishing for her Mother,
to be the daughter one day;
She wants to forget about the care, the care that never was
but until then she will write,
Write and worry as she does.

Being With You

We walk together not talking about much
but managing to say everything.
I know you understand me and in this moment I can say anything.
But I don't, I just let the moment pass right on by.
On the inside I want to cry, curl up in a ball and die.
You nudge me to go on finish the sentence but I can't.
I can't tell you that every time I'm around you I feel weak.
That sometimes it's hard for me to breathe, let alone speak.
I'm afraid to let you in for fear of my heart being broken.
So these are the words I've left unspoken.
If I knew that we would be together and never part.
I'd tell you I loved you with all of my heart.



Title: Hand Off

Author: Sanuel Kosechata

The central female figure represents
a feeling of being uplifted spiritually.

Place

Postage

Here

The Good Life

Poor man on the corner, with pasteboard in hand,
The meek of the flock who'll inherit the land,
But for now all he has is the ground where he stands,
Leading a life very few can conceive,

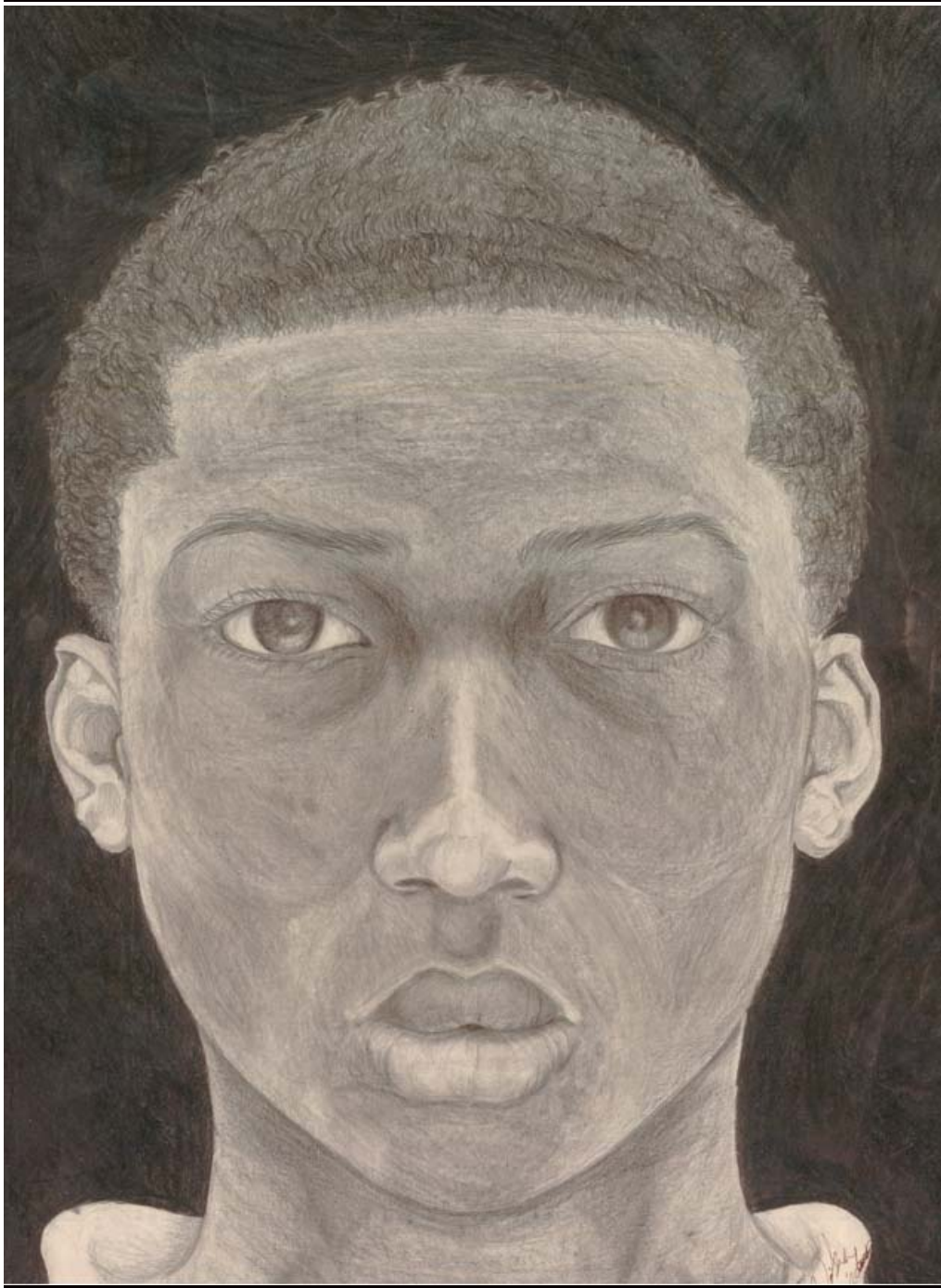
No hopes for the future, ashamed of his past,
Each day gone unnoticed may just be his last,
Your heart grieves to think that tonight he will fast,
Perhaps your five dollars will grant him reprieve,

He reaches out humbly with a tear in his eye,
"God bless you, my brother," he says with a sigh,
Then you drive away, unaware of the lie,
That his motives were merely a ploy to deceive,

For come Friday evening, he'll climb in his Lexus
And perhaps buy his lady a fine diamond necklace
Then trip for the weekend to his penthouse in Texas
While thanking the heavens you were so naïve,

Then Monday, he'll don his impoverished attire,
Return to the streets a thief and a liar,
Portraying the life of a vagrant for hire,
Pretending to live on the scraps others leave,

But regret not the charity and love you afford,
For who gives from the heart may receive His reward,
But for he who would steal in the name of the Lord,
A life ever-lasting, he might never receive.



Why?

I have to say things are not going my way.

Same old shit, different day.

The feeling of failure is setting in.

I know this one I will not win.

Today is another day that has passed.

Tomorrow will go by hopefully as fast.

I watch my kids grow every day as I stare.

They already see how life can be unfair.

Beautiful boys, my reason for living.

Their father is absent and excuses I can't keep giving.

Maybe one day he will see.

If not realized quickly, his sons they will no longer be.

How can anyone dismiss a child like they don't exist?

Pretty soon he will not be missed.

They are my world, my heart, my life

And so much more words can't describe

The feeling I have when I look in their eyes.

Hopefully one day their hearts will mend.

But all they want is their father, their friend.

If nothing ever changed, there'd be no butterflies.
~Author Unknown

Bossier
Parish



Community
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An abstract painting of a saxophone. The body of the instrument is a vibrant yellow, with the keys and mechanism on the left side rendered in white and grey. The bell of the saxophone is a large, dark brown circle on the right. The background is a mix of red, purple, and blue, with some dark, flowing lines. The overall style is expressive and colorful.

**Bossier Parish
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